

JAN 20 1953

CARNEGIE

MAGAZINE

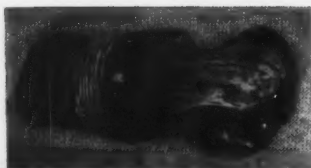


January 1953

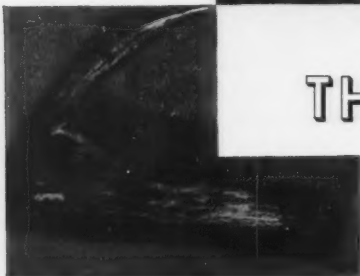
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*Primitive tools
used by Eskimos*



*A snow pick and a hide flesher.
From the collection of the Car-
negie Museum.*



THE ECONOMY OF THE ESKIMO

Generally, the Eskimo civilization has remained a communal system of living except for the areas of Alaska and Greenland where some Eskimos have assumed the white man's mode of living.

Under this centuries-old system, raw materials are communal property, while home-made articles are private property. The work load is divided so that the men take care of hunting and fishing while the women prepare skins, render fats and oils, make clothing and tents. The Eskimos have no government or police, as our society knows these institutions.

Eskimos make all the items necessary to their existence. Within their communal living system, a basic currency system is unnecessary. However, in dealing with traders, Eskimos barter furs and skins for metal weapons and utensils.

Without extensive trade or industry . . . living in self-sufficient surroundings . . . the Eskimos have found no need to coin money or develop banking practices.

And so it is always with simple economies. Only as an economy becomes more intricate and developed, do banking and monetary practices appear that facilitate the commercial advancement of a country.

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COVER

Our cover represents a detail from Brian Connolly's *The Spectrum*, which won the Popular Prize in this year's International (see page 14). Writing us about the picture from the Oriental Hotel, Bangkok, Thailand, Mr. Connolly says: "It was my intention to express in *The Spectrum* the emotional quality evoked by each colour and to show those objects which especially mean that colour to me. I discovered that in order to feel completely the effect of a colour, one should be surrounded by that colour, with no bit of its complements showing."

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Calendar for January

ADULT CLASSWORK

Painting, sculpture, metalwork, weaving, and photography by men and women in the adult classes sponsored by the Division of Education at the Institute will be on display on the balcony of the Hall of Sculpture from January 22 through February 1. Selection of the work is made by class instructors, and the exhibit will be arranged by the Institute's new director of adult classes, James E. Frappe.

Registration for the spring term of art and nature work in the adult classes will be taken January 28, 29, and 30 at the Division of Education office.

HALLMARK ART AWARD

One hundred prize-winning water colors in the second international HALLMARK ART AWARD will be on display in the fine arts galleries from January 29 through February 22. The contest is sponsored by the greeting card firm of Hall Brothers, Inc., and conducted by the Wildenstein Gallery in New York City.

MADONNAS

Paintings, sculptures, and decorative arts comprising the Madonna collection of Mrs. S. Eugene Bramer continue on display in the Hall of Architecture through January 11.

SUNDAY ORGAN RECITALS

Marshall Bidwell presents recitals on the great organ in Music Hall each Sunday afternoon from 4:00 to 5:00 o'clock. His programs, which include the best of the currently popular as well as great music of the past, are sponsored by the Arbuckle-Jamison Foundation.

STORY HOUR

Pre-school story hour comes on alternate Tuesdays, January 6 and 20, February 3, at 10:30 A.M. in Boys and Girls Room at the Library, with talks for mothers by staff members at the same time.

Story hour for school-age children is Saturday at 2:00 P.M. in Boys and Girls Room.

WORLDS UNDER WATER

Following a visit to the Museum's new installation, *LIVE UNDER WATER*, the Tam O'Shanter and Palettes used paints and pastels to portray their ideas of beautiful and interesting worlds under water. These pictures, each of which is the work of one morning, are currently on view at the Museum.

CARNEGIE INSTITUTE SOCIETY LECTURES

Music Hall, 6:30 and 8:30 P.M.

Admission only by membership card.

January 6—THE FABULOUS MIDDLE EAST

(Hotel Schenley, sponsor)

John H. Furbay will give an illustrated lecture-tour to spots whose names spur the imagination: Damascus, Tigris-Euphrates Valley, Ur of the Chaldees, Babylon.

January 13—CANOE COUNTRY

Murl Deusing will be guide to the wilderness of central Ontario with his color films of Chippewa Indian country and Canadian wildlife.

January 20—ARGENTINA

(Swindell-Dressler Corporation; sponsor)

Nicol Smith will show color moving pictures of the great cities, vast cattle and wheat lands, and scenic beauty of this southern neighbor.

January 27—TWO TICKETS TO TIMBUCTOO

Kenneth Richter and his wife covered eleven thousand miles from Algiers to Timbuctoo by station wagon. Their trip makes a fascinating film lecture.

February 3—JUNGLE FAMILY

Sasha Siemel will show color pictures of his family's jungle home in Brazil, where for nine years adventure became the daily occurrence.

WALKING TALKS

*Tuesday evenings, 7:00 to 7:45 o'clock,
beginning at the Art and Nature Shop.*

Open to the public.

January 6—EGYPTIAN HALL

James L. Swauger, curator, section of man.

January 13—INSECTS

George E. Wallace, curator of insects and spiders.

January 20—MAMMAL HALL

J. Kenneth Doust, curator, section of mammals.

January 27—REPTILES

M. Graham Netting, curator, section of herptiles.

February 3—WILDLIFE LOAN COLLECTION

James Kosinski, supervisor, education laboratory.

THREE R's IN PITTSBURGH

As the sixth exhibit in a continuing series, the Pittsburgh Photographic Library at the University of Pittsburgh offers this month a candid report on schools in and around the city, ranging from eight grades in one room to the last word in modern educational institutions. Pictures were made in co-operation with the Tri-State Area School Study Council and presented jointly by Carnegie Museum and the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*.

STRICTLY FOR THE BIRDS

ROLAND W. HAWKINS



If people were to stop and ask themselves today how much pleasure they receive from life through nature, the answer might often be discouraging. To most families, a drive or a pleasure jaunt through the country means nothing more than a cursory glance or two at the fifty-mile-an-hour landscape between home and destination. Let's slow down and look for a more rewarding as well as a more refreshing view. What better prescription for better living than a more intimate knowledge and understanding of our plant and animal kingdoms? As a good beginning, I can heartily recommend the study and feeding of our local winter birds.

A great deal can be accomplished toward making our yards or grounds more attractive to birds by planting a variety of food plants. This provides them with natural food as well as much-needed cover or shelter. Evergreen screens of pine, spruce, juniper, and low-growing yew will give the birds excellent cover the year around. In the summer, many species of birds will take advantage of the dense canopy for their nesting sites. Among the plants best suited for a reliable source of winter food in the northeastern states are hawthorn, buckthorn, bayberry, and American mountain ash. There are many fruit and seed-bearing plants that are acceptable food producers. For instance, blackberries are eaten by over one hundred species of birds. Almost all the berry plants, such as raspberry, mulberry, blueberry, pokeberry, and hackberry, are eagerly sought for as food delicacies by the birds. Wherever possible, the

cultivated varieties of berry plants are more suitable for planting as they are more disease-resistant. Various herbaceous plants such as the sunflower, buckwheat, and Japanese millet, are welcome winter food providers. For a more comprehensive list and treatise on planting for birds, I would recommend the U. S. Department of Agriculture's Farmer's Bulletin no. 621, 1931, *How to Attract Birds in the Northeastern United States*.

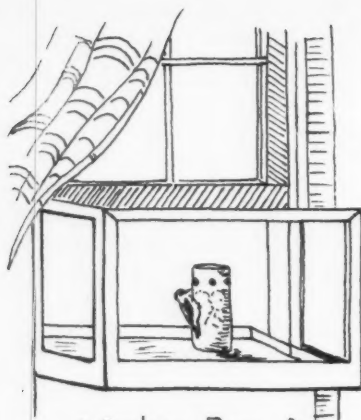
By selecting a variety of different plants one can give the birds a sanctuary complete with food and shelter from summer, through the long fall and winter months, to spring.

Various kinds of feeding stations that provide both food and shelter may be built. These are especially important in the north, where the winters bring snow and freezing weather. There are a number of different kinds of feeding stations, all gratefully accepted by our little feathered friends. Most are easy to construct and require no special skill on the part of the builder. The illustrations in the margin will show some of the basic designs, which may be elaborated on by the individual builder.

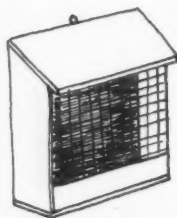
SUET BOX

Suet is undoubtedly one of the most widely used foods for winter bird feeding. In places where there are no squirrels the suet can be nailed to a tree trunk or tied to a limb of the tree. An old dead stump, when drilled with holes and filled with suet, makes an excellent feeder. A suet box with one-inch mesh over

Mr. Hawkins begins a full-time job as aviculturist at the North Side Conservatory Aviary this month. He came to Carnegie Museum from the National Museum in Ottawa in 1946 and since then has made four expeditions to Honduras with Curator of Birds Arthur C. Twomey.



Window Box A



Suet Box



Combination Feeder

the front is ideal, for it prevents robbers, such as squirrels, bluejays, and rats, from carrying off the entire supply. Probably the first birds to locate your suet box will be the tufted titmice and the chickadees. Nuthatches and woodpeckers will soon follow.

WEATHERVANE FOOD HOUSE

This type of food house is a little more elaborate, requiring a certain amount of skill in carpentry. The purpose of the feeder is to turn with the wind like a weathervane so that the open end is always on the sheltered side, thus protecting the birds from the wind. The bottom of the cage is mounted on a post so it will turn freely. To keep rats and cats from molesting the birds, either a false shield can be mounted under the cage, or a strip of tin wrapped around the post. The tin should be at least two feet wide and should be directly under the cage.

WINDOW BOX A

The window box consists of a frame, fitted with glass on the ends and back, constructed to fit snugly into the window of the house. With this type of feeder, the observer has an excellent opportunity to study the birds at close range.

This is the most difficult of all the feeders to build, as it has to be accurately constructed so that it will fit the window sill snugly. Birds are by nature shy. To win their confidence and entice them into this feeder sometimes requires a little time. Once one bird enters and learns there is no danger involved, others will soon follow.

WINDOW BOX OR SHELF

As the name implies, this is nothing more than a shelf or shallow box secured to the window ledge. The advantage of this feeder is the same as the one preceding—to have the birds feed within close range.

TROLLEY FEEDER

This ingenious device was designed to lure birds to window boxes. A wire is stretched from the nearest tree to the window of the house. A roofed feeding tray is then suspended by pulleys and left at the tree end,

where the food is first offered. After the birds have become accustomed to the feeder and are feeding freely, the trolley is moved gradually toward the house. If you pull the feeder a few feet closer each day, it does not take long before the birds are feeding directly in front of the window where they will soon be attracted to the window box.

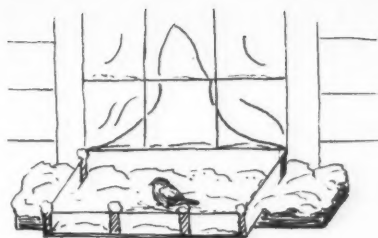
COMBINATION FEEDER

Almost any type of feeder can be made into a combination arrangement whereby the birds are able to dine on either suet or seeds. Automatic feeders are also desirable. They are easily constructed and work on the same principle as poultry feeders. A hopper is filled with seeds which, in turn, are funneled into small feeding cups. As the birds empty the cups, a new supply of seeds automatically comes through the funnel until the hopper is empty.

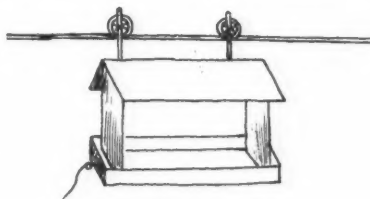
FOOD USED FOR FEEDERS

Suitable foods include suet, sunflower seed, canary bird seed, peanut "hearts," cracked corn, bread crumbs, Mocking Bird Food, cracked black walnuts, assorted nuts, dried and ground meat, ant eggs, dried currants or other berries, thistle seed, pablum, and chicken scratch. When the weather is below freezing, other foods, such as hard-boiled egg yolks, ground carrots, lettuce, and fresh fruits, may be offered. Corn on the cob is enthusiastically welcomed by many birds, among them the downy and the hairy woodpeckers.

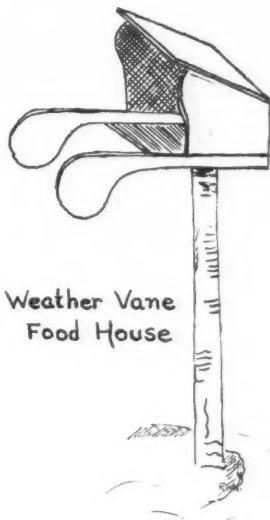
Running a restaurant for our feathered friends is not only a gratifying delight in the winter, but a never ceasing source of interest the year round. By continuing the feeding on through the spring and summer, you can encourage the birds to take up residence on the immediate premises. Ridding your garden of insect pests, filling your grounds with their melodious songs and cheerful chirps, should be reward enough to compensate anyone for the tidbits kindly supplied them. Many valuable birds perish with the onslaught of severe weather, not being able to find sufficient food to fortify themselves against the cold. By building a feeding station or two on your property you will help



Window Box



Trolley Feeder



Weather Vane
Food House

them avoid the disaster of winter starvation.

Among the winter avian visitors most likely to frequent your feeding stations are black-capped chickadees, tufted titmice, white-breasted nuthatches, eastern tree sparrows, and eastern robins. Rarer visitors to look for are golden-crowned kinglets, hairy woodpeckers, bluejays, cedar waxwings, eastern goldfinches and brown creepers. The variety of birds you attract will depend largely on the location of your feeding stations. People living in the country will have much more success than city-dwellers.

Once you have set up such a station, don't neglect it, for it is a responsibility not to be taken lightly. Should you fail to provide them with food during a severe storm, the birds will be in danger of starving. They become dependent on the food you give them and cannot learn soon enough to forage for themselves. Had you not offered them food, they would have long since established a more reliable source of supply.

After you have decided to join the unnumbered ranks of bird-lovers who are operating feeding stations across the nation, your interest in birds will progress rapidly. Your enthusiasm will mount higher and higher as you become acquainted with each new species. Since the winter birds are few in species, you will not incur any difficulties in learning to know them well. By the time spring's early warmth awakens Mother Earth into new life, the spring migrants will be arriving, and with their advent another new world will unfold before you.



ADULT EDUCATION CLASSES

SPRING term for the adult classes in art, crafts, and natural history sponsored by the Division of Education at the Institute opens February 2 and will include twelve weekly sessions. In an atmosphere of social informality grown-ups may develop their talents for drawing and painting, photography, craft work, and nature study under expert guidance. More than three hundred men and women completed the fall term.

Classes and schedules for spring will continue much the same as in the fall. Aspiring artists may work in water color, tempera, oil, or other media, in beginners' or advanced classes. Shutter-bugs are offered instruction in flash, color, and portrait photography; craft classes include jewelry, metalwork, and weaving; there is an interesting course in beginners' sculpture; and the outdoors addict can get back to nature in the explorers' group, in taxidermy, or fly-tying classes. Tuition rates are modest with discount allowed to members of Carnegie Institute Society.

Heading the spring program is the Institute's new supervisor of adult education, James E. Frape, jewelry craftsman, who for three years has been chairman of classes at the Arts and Crafts Center. He has served as treasurer of the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh the past four years and his work has been exhibited locally and nationally with honors, his most recent being first prize for jewelry in the Arizona State Art Exhibit.

Other members of the faculty include Mavis Bridgewater, Robert C. Burkhart, Lois I. Clifford, E. P. Couse, Matthew Doyle, Joseph Fitzpatrick, Roland W. Hawkins, James Kosinski, Daniel Kuruna, James W. Ross, Harry Scheuch, and Arthur Swoger.

Full information on the spring term of classes may be obtained by telephoning the Division of Education at the Institute.

MODERN MOODS AND MODERN QUESTS

A review of "Houses in Between" and fading memories

SOLOMON B. FREEHOF

THE environment, geographical and historical, affects the nature of art. Since environments differ, certain nations tend to "specialize" in certain types of artistic production. For example, the Dutch and the Flemish burghers, ferociously independent in their swampy lands, have naturally produced a folk art. There is no question that Dutch peasant art is the best in the world. Even the great Rembrandt worked in ghettos and slums among the humbler people. Spanish art, with its prancing horses and the stiffly attired princes of the royal court, is the greatest aristocratic art because it was developed in a land which dominated history for centuries. In Italy the finest art is the religious art. There the love of beauty of the Renaissance grew up in the second cradle-land of the Christian faith, and all the great works from the Last Supper to the various Madonnas made Italy dominant in the art of the Christian faith.

England, too, is dominant in painting. Not in peasant art, although there is such, and not in royal art as in Spain, and not in religious art. England dominates the painting of the world in portraiture. It was not by accident that Holbein emigrated to England, and the great Van Dyke came from the low countries to England, and that England produced Gainsborough, Lawrence, and Raeburn, and a host of others. Taken altogether, no country has produced such an efflorescence of portraiture as the English. That, too, has to do with the English environment and history.

From the time of the Norman conquest, England enjoyed nine hundred years free from

invasion. Where else as in England did houses stand so long unharmed by an invader's torch? Where, as long as in England, could families have lived in the same house for so many uninvaded centuries? It was because the homes of England, by historical and geographical accident, remained so long in the possession of families for so many generations that there were rooms in which pictures could be hung and could stay hung and could be bequeathed; an unbroken family-feeling that would prompt people to seek a portrait painter to make a painting of the present generation because the present generation was confident there would be later generations that would cherish the likeness of their ancestors.

I had an occasion not long ago to talk to a garden club and indicated that precisely because England was a sanctuary and many English families remained on the same spot of soil, and also the lushness of the British climate, for these reasons the art of gardening developed in England. The finest garden books are the English books; and the greatest development of the art of gardening in America came from the most English part of the early United States, from New England and the Virginia countryside.

As the environment affected national specialization in painting, so is its influence traceable also in the novel. Which are the great novel countries in Europe? Clearly Russia, with Dostoevsky, Tolstoi, and so on; France, with Emile Zola, Balzac, Victor Hugo, and others; and, of course, equal, if not superior to them all, England. Each type of novel—making a rough classification and

admitting exceptions—reflects the basic social situation from which it grew.

For the same reason that the greatest English painting is family portraiture, so the greatest English novel is the family novel. There is leisure there. The English writers also know that the individual man is not eternal but the family endures. You have time in England to think of your grandfather; you live in the same house with him. The grandfather sees his great-grandchildren. There is an unbroken family unity. England is, therefore, the home of the family novel. No such family novels were written anywhere else, with occasional exceptions such as Thomas Mann's *Buddenbrooks*, the novel of the settled commercial cities of northern Germany.

The family is always a miracle. On the face of it, it would seem illogical that people belonging to different generations should be able to live side by side in the same house and engage in a joint enterprise of family life. Yet the miracle is reached over and over again. The family is held together by certain ethical forces, and the English family novel therefore always concentrates on an ethical problem. The classic English novel is one which concentrates three or four generations upon one ethical problem.

One of the great family novels of the Victorian era was Thackeray's *The Newcombs*. Colonel Newcomb represents the old military type who exemplifies the virtue of honor. His honor as a gentleman stands by him through all his long vicissitudes and remains like a memorial after his life is extinguished in darkness. Galsworthy's *The Forsythe Saga* is again a typical English novel with a number of generations concentrated on one problem. The central problem here is far from the old military chivalric virtue of honor. This is a commercial family, a successful commercial family. Galsworthy says somewhere in the

book: "Characteristic of all of us Forsythes is that we know the value of property and we hold onto what is our own." So it is tenacity that is the ethical principle in the family novel of Galsworthy. The English Jewess, G. B. Stern, writes, therefore, a family novel that is so English, *The Matriarch* (and *The Young Matriarch*). This too is concentrated on a virtue. The virtue can be described as group or clan loyalty, people of the same blood being loyal to each other, being responsible for each other through the passing generations.

This year's popular family novel is by Howard Spring: *Houses In Between*. It too must concentrate itself, being a family novel, upon the cement of a virtue that holds the fragments together. While it has a touch of the old military sense of honor, since there is a noble family in it with military tradition, and also has a touch of the economic tenacity of the Forsythes, reflecting the idea that "Peace on earth will come through British trade," it also has something of the theme of family loyalty because the old lady, as she gets older, is a sort of a matriarch. Yet none of these is the central theme of the novel.

The central theme is built about the old Crystal Palace that was built in the early days of Queen Victoria, that airy structure of lacy steel sheathed in glass that stood as a symbol of the soaring heights, the iridescent dream of the human future. Crystal Palace, a symbol of hope, stood in the middle of the great, grimy city of London. Howard Spring takes his title from a popular song of the time, "You could see the Crystal Palace if it wasn't for the houses in between," the little grimy structures that block your vision so that you cannot see the Crystal Palace.

Howard Spring has written two other suc-

Dr. Frechhof is rabbi of the Rodef Shalom Congregation in Pittsburgh. This article is the first of four which will present excerpts from his ever popular series of book reviews, an autumn highlight in the city.

cessful novels. His first was a family tragedy called *My Son, My Son*, and the second describes the life of a great Labor leader and the tragedy of his life. It is called *Fame Is the Spur*. It is supposed to be a fictionalized story of the famous Ramsay MacDonald.

The Houses In Between is a strangely fascinating book, in spite of being cluttered with hundreds of characters. It involves at least four families whose life-lines become interwoven. It has a span of about four generations. The four families and the incidental characters bring the number of people up to the hundreds. The one device that keeps the book unified is that one person, Sarah Rainborough (after her marriage, Sarah Undridge) keeps on living into her nineties. The novel begins with her in her young girlhood, possibly the age of four or five, and goes to ninety-nine. In her memory and in her personality all the four generations and the four families are united. So it becomes a kaleidoscope of what one person sees in a long life. But it is impossible to tell the plot. There is no specific plot. Almost everything occurs that could occur to four families. Every generation has its sacrifice in the successive wars and in every generation there is love and disappointment and marriage. In every generation there is impoverishment and wealth earned again. One interesting part of the novel is that the author brings in every class of English life and one type that has not been brought into other English novels, the social worker, the voluntary English social worker. Voluntary social work has been a strong tradition in English life since Robert Owen, the son of a Welsh manufacturer, started the whole modern process of social reform in England and, as you know, touched American life when he settled in one of the Harmony colonies, the one that was moved to the banks of the Wabash. Robert Owen started the tradition by which members of

well-to-do families, moved by the sorrows of their working men in the early days of the industrial revolution with its child labor, try to alleviate the burdens of the poor.

The various family lines intertwine, the aristocratic and the manufacturing and the commercial and the artistic. It is interesting, too, how each generation manages to attain accord with the preceding generation. All these things are touchingly human and combine into a rather grand novel; grand but not great! The novel falls short of greatness precisely because of its treatment of the ethical problem. An ethical ideal may be presented as either triumphant or as gloriously defeated. But to have an ethical purpose just fade away, worn by attrition into nothingness, simply takes the power and the life out of a novel.

Either Sarah should have ended with the triumphant assurance that the Crystal Palace of world hope still lives in the world, or she should have been defiantly and angrily crushed. But neither alternative occurs. The ideal hope, the hope of a grand future, just fades away. That takes the heart and the dynamism out of an otherwise fascinating novel. You can see that in the treatment of the radical novelist in the story and of the social service leader. The novelist, of course, is clearly H. G. Wells, novelist and reformer, and the social worker is possibly Beatrice Webb, who also became a Dame of the British Empire, honored later for her social achievements. Both of them are made unlovable, he for his brash impudence, and she for her harsh attempt to dominate people, for their good indeed, but still to dominate them. Although society honors her, Sarah and all the other leading characters in the novel mock gently at her whenever they can.

Note the contrast between this sardonic deprecation of "social advance" and what Howard Spring himself says in his previous



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novel, *Fame Is the Spur*, and you see the change that has occurred in him and the change that has taken place in England. *Fame Is the Spur*, a novel about Ramsay MacDonald, the great British labor leader, who came up out of Scottish poverty, built the mighty Labor movement and later, in the eyes of many because of his coalition government, betrayed the movement—this great leader died under the aura of tragedy. The book ends with his coffin carried down the long street on the shoulders of Welsh choir singers, and the voice of their hymns rise up through the English fog like the cry of broken humanity. It is the tragedy, the breakdown of an ideal because only "Fame" was the "Spur." That is the only way to treat an ideal in a great novel. Either make it triumphant or let it be heroically defeated. But to put it into the motley of bad manners, to laugh at it, simply expresses the author's present disillusion, that the ideal which created the Labor government in England has become something to sneer at. The novel is centered around an ideal, the ideal of social betterment, but ends with mocking the very ideal it sets out to describe.

So it is a grand novel in its broad sweep, a skillful novel, and a fascinating novel because of its humaneness, but pathetically short of greatness because it fails to stir the heart. It achieves only a disillusionment. Of course, a novelist is not a propagandist. A novel is not written to advocate something. It expresses what the novelist feels. But that makes the tragedy greater. This then is what he feels, that the ideal of social advance has become a ludicrous thing, embodied in a brash novelist and a dominant power-hungry woman. We are awaiting a novel, a novel with the skill of Howard Spring, an English novel with a sweep of a whole succession of generations in family life which, like the earlier family novels, will express truthfully

the feeling of the novelist, of an ideal triumphant. The ideal of hope, of social advance, felt at the building of the Crystal Palace, is an ideal that deserves the attention of writers. Why did it come when it came to England? Why the upsurge of confidence in the coming peace and glory of mankind, and why did it die down?

The great periods of hope do not come by accident. The world was never more hopeful than in the century after Columbus because then a new world opened up. New areas, new opportunities! Man felt expansive. There was an open road. That started a period first of the feeling and then of the actuality of human creativity. The feeling of hope came again in England at the beginning of the industrial revolution when steam was harnessed to machinery and the powers of man were immensely multiplied. Suddenly mankind felt it was a giant who could achieve anything. That is when the Crystal Palace was built, at the time when the industrialization of England suddenly revealed man as mighty, stronger than he ever was before.

New powers have come to us again in our generation, powers that terrify us by their very immensity. But they are real powers. In the next generation, man, if he does not destroy himself in the first flush of his new strength, will have the means to do great and immense things. He can abolish poverty from the world by the new atomic powers that will do the drudgery for mankind. Its possibilities are almost beyond our dreams. If the past is any prophecy of the future, that whenever power was added to man hope came with the power, then we are perhaps entering, if we survive, into a period of a new upsurge of human confidence—a new era where we will be able to build, in spite of all the miseries and the dangers, in spite of all the "Houses in Between," a new Crystal Palace for the human race.

THE POPULAR PRIZE

PAUL A. CHEW

THE public got their voting's worth when they gave *The Spectrum, A Painting in Four Acts* by Brian Connelly the Popular Prize of \$200 in the 1952 Pittsburgh International, as it is actually four pictures arranged with shutters to form a polyptych. *The Farewell* by Bernard Perlin was the runner-up, and *Holiday* by Colleen Browning came in third.

The next ten canvases in order of the number of votes received were: *Three Alone* by Walter Stuempfig, *Time Echoes* by Samuel Rosenberg, *The White Portico* by Joseph A. Oneto, *Sea Shells* by Kenneth Davies, *The Toll Rope* by Andrew Wyeth, *Earthly Paradise* by Wilson Bigaud, *Winter Coast* by William Saltzman, *Promised Land* by Carl Pickhardt, *The Wind That Blew the Sky Away* by Helen Lundeborg, and *Rider* by Hans Jaenisch.

Brian Connelly was born in Roseburg, Oregon, in 1926. He received his art education at the University of Oregon and now lives in New York City and Wilton, Connecticut. Mr. Connelly has spent much time, both in the United States and in Europe, doing research on the methods and media of fifteenth-century painters. The technique and meticulous craftsmanship of *The Spectrum* bear witness to his interest in the early masters, particularly the Flemish. Prior to this work the artist had successfully executed *trompe l'oeil* paintings and had been concerned with magic realism and surrealism. But he does not consider *The Spectrum* as an expression of any of these idioms. In it he was primarily occupied with the problems of space and color. In each of the four panels there is the same division of space, but solved with a different composition and in different colors. The quality of spaciousness is achieved by the varying proportions in the objects. For ex-

ample, the coffee cup in the black and white panel is life size, whereas there is an umbrella in the same view which is smaller in scale. Thus, in every one of the paintings the artist very ingeniously readjusted the scale to enforce the perspective and feeling of space.

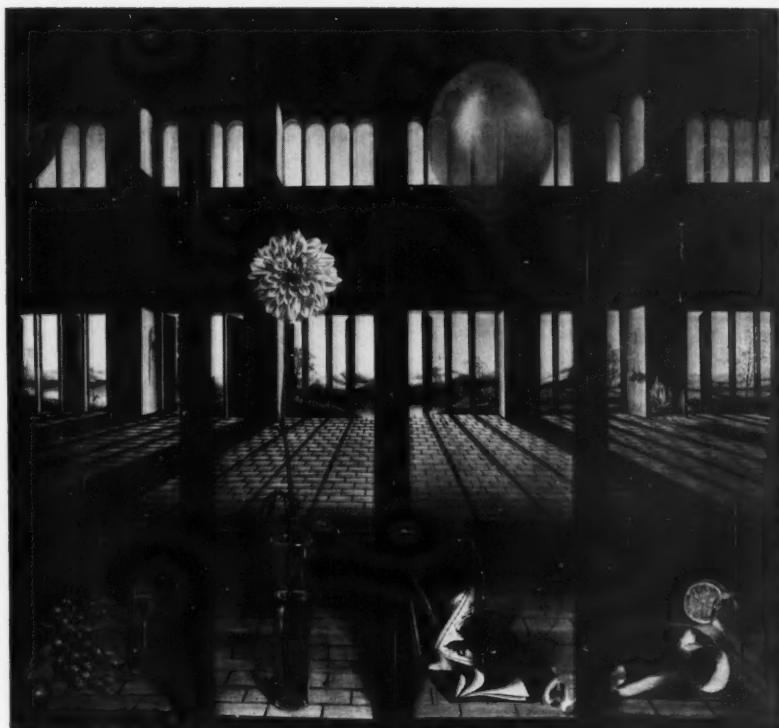
The first panel of the prize-winning painting is entitled *Act I, 9 A.M., A Day in January*. It is an interior containing, among other things, a telephone, an angel, an umbrella, white cup of black coffee, and egg shells. In the background is the whiteness, the darkness, and the coldness of a winter landscape. The palette is black, white, gray, and a pale cold blue, and the objects depicted effectively serve this color scheme. Turning to the second panel, we see *Act II, 5 P.M., The Next Day*. The red and orange throughout this scene are heightened and stressed in the balloon, the dahlia, a glass of wine, and a bunch of grapes. In *Act III, June Noon*, the artist blends greens and yellows, combining them subtly in the basket of ripe fruit and presenting them as separate notes in the lemon, the bunch of lettuce, the canaries in a cage, and the yellow light coming through the partially closed glass doors and windows. Finally, *Act IV, December Morning*, is all in tones of blue. Here the stage properties consist of a blueprint, a pot of blue paint, a robin's egg, and Gainsborough's *The Blue Boy* hanging on the wall. Cleverly added to this blue panel is the artist's signature and the date of the work, BRIAN MCMLI, as much as to say, The End. The panels set the stage, as it were,

Mr. Chew is an assistant in the Department of Fine Arts at Carnegie Institute. He received his master's degree in fine arts last June from the University of Pittsburgh and has been director of the Cape Cod Art Association gallery during the past two summers.

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PANEL 2 (ACT II, 5:00 P.M., THE NEXT DAY) FROM "THE SPECTRUM" BY BRIAN CONNELLY

for a four-act play. The architecture of the room never changes, but the objects do vary to create four different exciting compositions, each one in a monochromatic scheme, to evoke the mood and to place the time of day and the season of the year.

The Spectrum has been purchased by a Pittsburgher and so has found a home in the city in which it has been greatly admired.

Bernard Perlin, whose canvas *The Farewell* was second in the popular vote, was born in Richmond, Virginia, in 1918. He studied at the National Academy of Design and later at the Art Students League of New York. A scholarship enabled him to work in Poland in 1938, and upon his return to the United

States he won a competition for a mural in the South Orange, New Jersey, Post Office. Another mural was done for the steamship *President Hayes*. During World War II he was an artist-correspondent in the Middle East and the Orient. He is now at Villini, Castelfandolfo, Rome, where he is "self un-learning," as he puts it.

The Farewell by Perlin is an intense bit of drama barely visible at a first glance. For the canvas is entirely covered with trees, some in autumn colors and others bare and leafless, superimposed on scarlet. The effect is highly decorative and almost that of tapestry. The setting in itself conveys the story which the three figures in the picture tell. A young man

and a woman in black—perhaps a wife or a mother or even death, to symbolize that sort of force which brings a new element into a friendship and forces the old apart—are leaving the scene at the left. The third figure, another young man, lingers along as if in a maze, having nowhere in particular to rush off to or with. Mr. Perlin has painted, as he puts it, a painting more or less simply about parting—good-bys and finished sections of one's life.

Colleen Browning, whose *Holiday* received the third largest number of votes, has this to say about her painting: "Holidays always seemed an anticlimax to me as a child, so looked forward to, and yet often so flat and empty when they came. I am reminded of this when I see the lonely streets, littered with paper, after public holidays in the district where I live, which is Harlem, New York. It was this feeling that I tried to express in my picture."

Miss Browning, born in Ireland in 1923, exhibited at the early age of seventeen at the Royal Academy, London, and then won the Edwin Austin Abbey Scholarship for Mural Painting, which took her to the Slade School of Art. Her works were included in group shows in most of the major London galleries, and her first one-man exhibition was at the Little Gallery in 1949. For four years she designed sets for films, among them *Odd Man Out*. Since coming to the United States she has exhibited in annuals at the Whitney, Illinois, Detroit, Audubon, Springfield, Worcester museums and others. In January of this year she had a one-man show at the Edwin Hewitt Gallery in New York.

All the three hundred and five canvases in the exhibition were eligible for the Popular Prize. The award was determined by the vote of the visitors to the galleries during the period from November 17 through December 7. Each visitor was given a ballot and was asked to nominate, according to his own taste

and standards of criticism, the picture he considered the best in the show. The Popular Prize has had a long history at Carnegie Institute. It has been offered in nearly every annual exhibition since 1924. Winners of this award in former Internationals have included Malcolm Parcell (1924 and 1925), Leopold Seyffert (1926 and 1930), Gari Melchers, Edmund C. Tarbell, James Chapin, Alessandro Pomi, Daniel Garber, Frederick J. Waugh (for five successive years), Luigi Lucioni, and, in 1950, Peter Blume.

OUR LIBRARY SHELF

THE JUNGLE AND THE DAMNED

BY HASOLDT DAVIS

The explorer-author takes the reader along on an exciting jaunt into the interior of French Guiana, hitherto unknown to the white man.

SHORT NOVELS OF COLETTE

TRANSLATED BY GABRIELLE C. JOUVENEL

The reputation of Colette in France justifies the translation of these fine examples of her style. She views aberrations of conduct with the detachment of a psychoanalyst, and dissects character with a surgeon's scalpel.

THE MAN ON A DONKEY

BY HILDA F. M. PRESCOTT

A vivid picture of Tudor England and the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry the Eighth.

TALLULAH BY TALLULAH BANKHEAD

The sultry Southern beauty analyzes herself rather favorably, and considerably less luridly than might have been expected. Her racy appraisal of the theatre, the plays, the playwrights, producers, and her own career may outrage some readers, but is guaranteed to hold their interest.

SUBMARINE BY EDWARD L. BEACH

The Commander of *U.S.S. Trigger* tells of the harrowing experience of sea warfare in the Pacific during World War II.

THE THURBER ALBUM BY JAMES THURBER

Vivid recollections of Columbus, Ohio, and the pleasant family and friends among whom his peculiar talent developed. Eloquent tribute is paid to certain teachers, and the secret of the Thurber dogs is revealed.

MUSIC AND PAINTING IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

Excerpts from the Congress of Critics Forum which concluded the First International Contemporary Music Festival on November 29 in Carnegie Music Hall

CLIFTON FADIMAN was moderator for the Forum which concluded the First International Contemporary Music Festival, and brief introductory remarks were given by Paul R. Anderson, president of Pennsylvania College for Women, and Gordon Bailey Washburn, representing Carnegie Institute, the two sponsors of the Festival. Participating in the forum were Virgil Thomson, composer and music critic of the *New York Herald Tribune*; Eric Newton, English art critic and former art editor of the *London Sunday Times* and the *Manchester Guardian*; Irving Kolodin, music critic of the *Saturday Review of Literature*; James Johnson Sweeney, director of abstract art of the Guggenheim Foundation; Colin Mason, music editor of the *Manchester Guardian*; Dorothy Adlow, art editor of the *Christian Science Monitor*; Frederick Dorian, musicologist and faculty member at Carnegie Institute of Technology; Alfred Frankenstein, music and art critic for the *San Francisco Chronicle*; and J. Fred Lissfelt and Donald Steinfirst, music critics respectively of the *Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph* and *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*.

Selections from the comments of Mr. Mason, Miss Adlow, Dr. Dorian, and Mr. Frankenstein are here given, a selectivity, made necessary by space limitations, which leaves much that was both witty and wise in the memory of the audience.

MR. MASON: I want to make some criticism of the Festival, or at least some criticism of the music that has been played. You know the Festival was designed to give a representa-

tive selection of the most important music of the second quarter of the twentieth century, and the composers were chosen by a ballot among some sixty authorities from various countries. I think the works you have heard do faithfully represent the music of that period. Hans Rosenwald in the *International Music News* characterized this choice and the whole trend of music during the last twenty-five years as a return to a sense of values. I think Mr. Rosenwald's idea about this trend is quite correct, but I do not agree with his description of it. I think it is not a return to a sense of values, but rather a complacent rejection of everything that the early pioneers struggled so hard for and sacrificed so much for.

If you ask me what it was they were struggling for, I can only say without going into too many technical details that before the first world war they were busy introducing all kinds of new, exciting sounds and combinations of sounds into the language of music, and after the war they tried to find a new discipline by which they could put these new sounds into large-scale formal symphonic works. When they began to write these symphonic works in the thirties, the younger composers also tried to do the same. But I think it was not quite the same for them, because they in fact neglected nearly all the experimental sounds that these older composers had in fact introduced. Secondly, they also threw overboard the discipline that these composers had worked so hard to find in the twenties. Thirdly, they returned, I think, to

a romantic and really nineteenth-century attitude to music and began to write, rather emotionally, rather bombastic works and uneconomical, which show up very badly beside the works that the older composers were writing in the thirties.

I would almost call these works anachronistic, but I do not think that is quite valid because it was a general trend and so it is not a subject for criticism. You cannot criticize history. You can only observe it, even though you may observe it with dismay. But I think that the youngest composers today—those of a generation too young really to be represented at this Festival—do feel something went wrong in the thirties, and that they are now going back to the style of the twenties, some of them even trying to do the experiments all over again, and certainly submitting themselves to a much stricter discipline in composition. The reason I think is in the years between the wars, the years that this Festival is trying to represent, the composers that really belonged to that generation betrayed their immediate predecessors and in a sense set music back twenty years again; and now we are very much where we were in 1920.

MISS ADLOW: In this international art exhibit of 1952 a universal mode of communication is generously exemplified. Artists of Sweden, Italy, France, England, America, Japan, and other lands seem in common agreement that abstract methods are the most appropriate for holding forth in the figure arts.

The abstract painters merged foreground with the background, interlocked the hard object with ethereal space. They broke down the matter in order to rebuild, to re-create afresh, and to stimulate new sensations. Some had an affinity for the clean-edged, stable, bald, static configurations of architecture. They were the classical artists of abstraction. Others simplified forms, fragmented objects, suspended them nervously in mid-air in

fanciful configurations, which it seems pleased them to compare with music. They were the romanticists of abstraction.

Abstract painters went from the world of fact into the realm of fancy. The object vanished. The picture texture became a shadowy essence or a fabric of thrusting lines or nervous improvisation. There was one purpose: not to describe, not to illustrate, not to document or to represent, but to arouse and to excite.

The abstract artist is not painting people and things. He is visualizing urges and anger itself. In a searching, a groping way he carries us to a new frontier of experience: a sense of the wonder, the magic, the enigma, the perplexity of the expanding world. He expresses the inexpressible, gives shape to the intangible. If he must he will break down and destroy.

To him the obvious is dull and irrelevant. He finds beauty by means of distortion, indirection, surprise, and even shock. He achieves a new frontier of seeing and feeling by defying convention and logic. He finds a new language for relating old truths. He hopes to break the shell to reach the kernel of hidden meaning. He paints what he sees, not with the physical but with the mind's eye.

In the artist today there is a will not to reproduce, not to represent, but to illuminate and to intensify. He breaks down and destroys the object and the subject, replacing it with a creation of his own. For most abstract painting is a personal and individual art confined to the world and the perception of each individual creator. It is not an art meant to teach or to preach. It is an art of raw expression that aims to reach.

The artist does not paint man but his trials and perturbations. He is not portraying naked figures but naked energy. If the object is lost in a mesh of shapes and colors, a fresh sensation is gained which can and should increase

man's stature and intensify man's consciousness.

DR. DORIAN: A so-called lack of melody is the chief complaint directed against new music, but this is one of the oldest tunes in history. The most progressive melody-makers from Verdi to Schoenberg have all been reproached for lack of melody. The same accusation was made against a composer by the name of Mozart after the première of his opera *Don Giovanni* and against Beethoven and his *Violin Concerto*. Robert Schumann said, and I am quoting: "Melody is the battle cry of the dilettante. Just ask them what they mean."

I think I can tell you what they mean. A listener comprehends music primarily as a composite of tones. Hence he will listen to music, old and new, only for a relatively absorbable melody which he can sing, which he can recognize, and perhaps which he can whistle as he leaves the hall.

I am afraid after last night's performance of Alban Berg's *Violin Concerto*, not many whistled. The layman misses melody in modern music just as he misses meaning and content in abstract painting. He concludes that modern art lacks beauty in a sense because it does not represent his esthetics.

But history, the best teacher there is, clearly teaches us that melody is acceptable only in certain places. To the romantic composer a highly personalized type of melody becomes the direct carrier of his message, but in other periods, like the early baroque, melody is relegated to a far less important place.

In modern music all emphasis falls on structure. Melody is very often subservient to it. In some, rhythm emerges; in others, tone quality; and in others, even dynamics break loose from all tradition. Studying painting or sculpture, we find the same break with the long established standards of art.

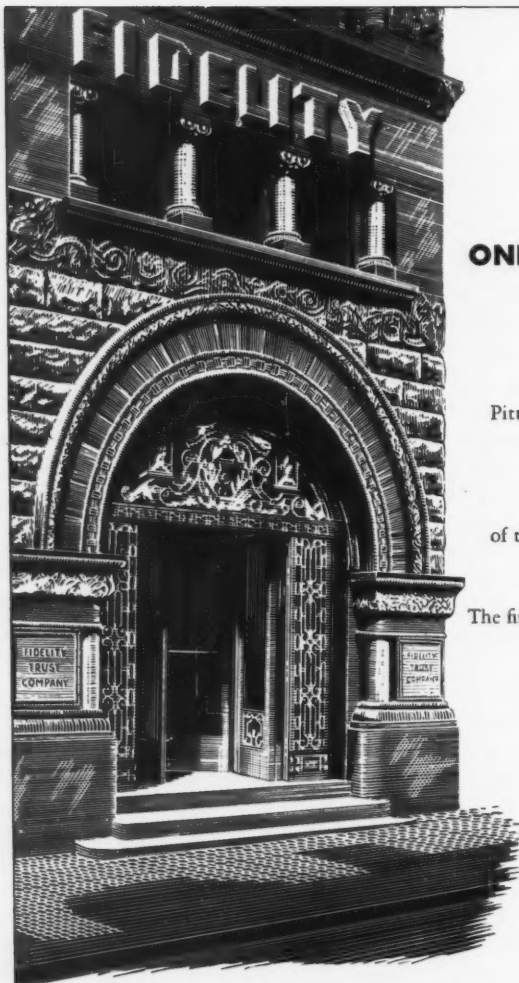
The first step in all appreciation is an understanding of motivation. Let us make the first step right now by not repeating the mistakes of the past in foolish judgment.

MR. FRANKENSTEIN: I found an interesting divergence between the manner in which our three hundred and five paintings and the sixty-five musical works were chosen. The three hundred and five paintings were chosen by one man. They are intended to represent and do represent the cross section of the latest ideas in painting all over the world at the present time, with very little emphasis on celebrated names; whereas the music was chosen by a committee of sixty people from all over the world, and inevitably under those circumstances what is going to happen? A reverence to those names and those works which are best established. It is obviously necessary to look back over the past quarter century in the first of the series of modern music festivals.

Nearly all our modern music festivals have omitted one thing: that is, any reference to the latest avant-garde type of music, such as creation of music by recording of the noises of the street, and so on. This kind of avant-gardism is different in its tonal effect, but all such kinds of music nevertheless have one thing in common, and that is, they are created under a technique only partially under control of the composer.

It is a new idea in modern music, a rather old idea in visual art. We have in the last twenty years a strong emphasis on the advantage of impressionist and abstract art in which almost precisely the same kind of technical procedure applies.

This technique of partial control, I repeat, is a new thing in music, a rather old thing in visual art. I think it is by no means accidental that the vast majority of the painters at the present time are returning to a more severely or classically organized form.



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WHAT DOES INDUSTRY EXPECT?

SIDNEY A. SWENSRUD

Excerpts from the dedicatory address given last October 2 at the graduate School of Industrial Administration, William Larimer Mellon, Founder, on the campus of Carnegie Institute of Technology.

WHEN business invests money in a new enterprise it usually is the result of some hard thinking about objectives and how to achieve them. And it usually has clear expectations about results.

William Larimer Mellon, in whose name this new School has been so generously and firmly founded, was a man of vision and imagination—and he was a business man. I know that before this investment was made there was hard thinking about objectives and there were expectations about results. And since, in a very direct way, this investment has been made by The W. L. and May T. Mellon Foundation in the interests of all American industry, I think it is important right at the beginning to raise the question: What does industry expect of this new graduate School of Industrial Administration?

I believe industry should expect three things from this new graduate school, the same three things I suspect Mr. Mellon may have hoped for.

First, men soundly and fundamentally trained to assume leadership in American industry in the years ahead.

Second, men broadly trained to provide civic leadership in maintaining the kind of free society America has traditionally cherished.

Third, fundamental research that will help American industry and its management to become ever more efficient, for here is the foundation of continuing increases in the entire nation's standard of living.

Let me try to spell out what these three goals for this graduate school mean to me.

TRAINING FOR MANAGEMENT

William Larimer Mellon's lifetime saw a managerial revolution. No one man can hope to know and manage in detail all the elements of the major business concerns of today. No man can hope to provide the capital for even a small part of today's industrial giants—unlike the owner-operator of yesterday who put up his own funds, established and managed his own business, knew its innermost details, and pocketed its profits—or faced bankruptcy through its losses.

From this vast complex of change I would single out two developments of major significance for this new graduate school.

FIRST, THE DAY OF THE PROFESSIONAL MANAGER IS HERE. Increasingly, the nation's leading business concerns are managed by men who have made business their profession. Their task is to manage the experts—to pull together the vast aggregations of men, money, and materials that make up modern industry, welding them together into an efficiently operating whole. Most important, it is their job to organize, to mesh together the thousands of production resources of our society so as to produce the goods and services that 160 million Americans want.

SECOND, MODERN MANAGEMENT RESTS INCREASINGLY ON FITTING TOGETHER MEN AND TECHNOLOGY. True, it is seldom necessary for the manager to know the details of the technology on which his industry rests. But unless he is reasonably at home with it and unless he understands how the engineers and scientists who underlie his organization think, he labors at a real disadvantage.

The engineer who is going to be more than a skilled technician has to broaden his training and understanding in at least three ways.

One, he has to understand the meshing of functions in a business enterprise. He has to know the interrelations of production, marketing, finance, human relations; the problems raised by these relationships; and the ways in which the professional manager tries to deal with these problems.

Two, he has to understand the limitations of the strictly technical approach to problems and to appreciate how, in favorable circumstances, imagination may break through these limitations. In the opening pages of his stimulating analysis of American Capitalism, J. K. Galbraith reminds us that the aerodynamics and wing-loading of the bumblebee demonstrate that, in principle, it cannot fly. And yet, every day, the bee defies the august authority of Isaac Newton and Orville Wright.

Three, he has to understand that the management of business enterprise is not only the organization of materials, equipment, and processes. Even more important, it is the organization of human beings in effective working groups.

If this assessment of modern management is correct, W. L. Mellon's vision was sound when he founded this new graduate School of Industrial Administration. For it is specifically focussed on merging engineering and management. And it is specifically aimed at training men for modern management—thoroughly and fundamentally. Industry needs men trained in this way. We in industry expect the graduate schools to lay the foundations for management growth.

TRAINING FOR CIVIC LEADERSHIP

Management's first job is to make profits. This is not only because management is employed by the owners of the business. It is equally because this is the way management and the capital it manages can make the greatest contribution to the common welfare. Adam Smith's "enlightened self interest" is

the gas in the economic engine today, just as it was one hundred and seventy-five years ago.

But management's job does not stop at the factory walls. Every man aiming for management in America today needs a vision—a vision of an alert American industry. He must recognize that industry will prosper only if it satisfies the fundamental needs of the American people. Yet he must stand steadfast for those fundamental principles of individual freedom and human dignity that brook no compromise. The graduate schools have no harder job than this—to develop a balance in the managers of tomorrow between adaptation to a rapidly changing society on the one hand, and firm adherence to basic moral principles on the other.

If the private enterprise economic system is to survive in America, it will not be because management circles want it. It will be because the private enterprise system is what the American people want—laborers, farmers, white-collar workers, all 160 million of us. American management's first job is to run the nation's businesses well—a smoothly functioning economy is the best advertisement for private enterprise.

The men who come into management must understand the whole sweep of modern economic, political, and social life. They must sense how things look to "the other fellow," for in a democratic political system the other fellow has the votes that give him vast power over American industry in the showdown. They must understand the basic philosophy of the private enterprise tradition, and be willing to stack it up honestly and openly against competing systems.

Mr. Swensrud is president of the Gulf Oil Corporation, in which position he succeeded the late William Larimer Mellon, one of the founders of the Corporation. Mr. Swensrud serves on the board of trustees of Carnegie Institute and Carnegie Institute of Technology.



THE NATION'S FIRST GRADUATE SCHOOL OF INDUSTRIAL ADMINISTRATION

THE ROLE OF RESEARCH

I am a corporation president, not a research scientist. Yet I have, from my long experience in the oil industry, formed a solid faith—research pays off. American industry today rests on the accumulated knowledge of hundreds of years of research, much of it now taken for granted in our everyday lives—electricity, aluminum, airplanes, radio.

But the research that led to many of these inventions was esoteric, far-fetched, "long-haired" in its day. Scientists and researchers often fought an uphill battle to get their ideas accepted. In this cumulative sweep of research American industry has played a proud role. It has encouraged and financed many of the men and methods that pioneered

the way. But we must admit in honesty that much of the fundamental work that underlies these industrial applications was done in university laboratories—often on a shoestring, with inadequate equipment, and by men who could have earned much more by giving up their research careers for more immediately practical work in either industry or government.

Business administration—indeed, the whole study of human behavior on a scientific basis—is a new profession. I make no apologies for American management. I think we have done a good job. But I suspect we may have much to gain from the development of basic research in administration, comparable to the basic scientific research that has underlaid the

phenomenal development of modern technology over the past century.

It may be that management today is in many respects where medicine was a century ago—a field of intelligent, alert practitioners operating largely by tradition and accumulated experience, but with little agreement on what is truly fundamental principle. Many sick men were healed a hundred years ago. And with the development of outstanding medical schools and professional medical standards, doctors' contribution to the public welfare steadily increased.

But an honest evaluation of history would report, I think, that the basic change in medicine over the past century has come mainly from the research laboratories, not from the classrooms or the practicing doctors' offices.

Perhaps there is comparable basic research into the fundamentals of human behavior that can pay equal dividends in permitting human beings to work more effectively together. Certainly there is much we need to know about why our organizations work well under some conditions and badly under others. The mere problem of communication between top management and the man on the production line has frustrated more good management intentions than imagination can conceive—unless you have experienced it first hand. On the technological side, the merger of managerial and technological advances in the "automatic factory" has made surprising strides in some of the continuous process industries; research can push along faster these contributions to the American living standard.

I hope this graduate school, and others as well, will live with a research vision—both to be immediately useful to industry, and to do the fundamental probing and digging that looks to the decades ahead. As in medicine, science, and engineering, the universities have the time and objectivity to view us and our

problems as we can hardly view ourselves.

We in industry have a right to expect a sympathetic, understanding approach. We need to encourage basic research—to cooperate whenever we can, since industry is the prime laboratory for research into management. And we need to be ready to face up to the fact that results may be temporarily disruptive to long established patterns of business operation. They may be disturbing to the men who have grown up on the old ways. Progress is seldom painless! I hope all of us, faced with the disturbances introduced by new ideas, will have the courage and the self-knowledge of that Chinese statesman of long ago who, also concerned with the disturbance of change, asked, "O God, revitalize China, and O God, begin with me."

FRIENDS OF THE MUSIC LIBRARY

R EY DE LA TORRE, Cuban classic guitarist, will be guest artist at the complimentary concert for members of Friends of the Music Library on Wednesday evening, January 21, at 8:30 o'clock in the Hall of Sculpture. A social hour will follow the music.

Señor de la Torre's program, ranging from Bach to Bloch, will demonstrate the usually unsuspected possibilities of the guitar. He was educated in Spain and made his first appearance in Barcelona in 1934. He came to America in 1941 and made his debut in New York City. Since then he has done solo broadcasting for NBC and the Canadian Broadcasting Company.

Membership in the Friends of the Music Library is open to all who are interested in the advancement of the Music Division of Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh. Annual dues of \$1.00 may be sent in care of the Music Division of the Library. Oscar W. Demmler is acting president of the organization.

MAYFLOWER 1-7300

EXT. 205, DOROTHY LONG SPEAKING

DREAM OF GLORY—being able to answer each question that comes to the Herbarium without ever referring to a book! The field of botany is so expansive that we are seldom asked the same question twice, and with each new question I wish I were a specialist in a different field—horticulture one moment, name-that-plant science an hour later, fossil plant dating at another time.

One question that has come to us at least twice, uttered in a shaky voice, is "Do you suppose that marijuana has come up in my garden?" The answer to this is almost always "No, you have a cinquefoil, one of the mallows, or some other weed." But occasionally it is "Yes, and to avoid trouble you will have to destroy it." If the curator, LeRoy K. Henry, is not on hand to answer the question, I dash to a herbarium case, pull out a mounted marijuana specimen, and so armed return to confront the inquirer. Her description parallels mine through "tallish, and stem fibers apparently tough," but there the details diverge, for her plant lacks the three to seven coarsely toothed, digitate leaflets and the clusters of small green flowers. She is relieved and maybe I am too, but I had hoped for a little excitement in the day's routine.

Another, coming from a city dweller: "What is the 'sumac' I have in my backyard?" This is probably not a sumac at all, we advise, but the rapidly growing Chinese tree of heaven (*Ailanthus altissima*) that has been introduced from Asia and has spread from cultivation by basal suckers as well as by seed. It looks superficially like a sumac but

may reach a height of 60 feet, whereas our tallest sumac, the staghorn, attains a height of only about 40 feet at most. If a tree is a sumac, it will have a milky juice in the stem of the leaf, and will not have an odor when bruised. If an ailanthus, the bruised leaf will have a rank odor; or if there is a fragrant odor present, a walnut may be involved. The fruit is a twisted wing with a seed in the center, while the fruits of both the staghorn and the smaller smooth sumac are dry, red, and berry-like in dense clusters.

The ailanthus thrives well in cities, for it is quite resistant to smoke and it is not attacked by insects. The blossoms, which appear in June, are of two kinds, sterile and fertile on separate trees. As the sterile ones are malodorous and the pollen may cause catarrhal trouble, only the fertile-flowered trees should be planted along streets. It is not among the most desirable of trees, but is successful where not much of anything else will survive, therefore adapted to street planting in factory districts. It is rather short lived (thirty to fifty years) and objectionable near drains, wells, or springs, for the roots and leaves get into the water and both are poisonous.

With the question, "Will the 2, 4-D that I put on my lawn to kill the weeds kill the clover too?" I utter silent thanks to the Brooklyn Botanic Garden for publishing a comprehensive article on weed control in its Spring 1952 *Plants and Gardens*. I ask the inquirer's indulgence while I check and find that clover is one of the broad-leaved plants



killed by 2,4-D. So far as I can determine, there is no one compound that will kill all the other weeds in a lawn and let the clover stand, but numerous selective weed-killers are being developed rapidly, and so perhaps there will soon be such a thing.

"By the way, don't hang up. If crab grass is one thing you are trying to eliminate, you might reconsider and eat it instead. That is, eat the seeds as a substitute for rice. I can't vouch for it personally, but it has been reported that the seeds are wholesome and palatable."

Poison ivy causes a great deal of consternation and its eradication is the subject of many telephone calls. One person asked recently, "Is 2,4-D the best thing for killing poison ivy?" We can recommend it as one of the two compounds most commonly used. The second is Ammate, which is more costly but faster acting. Ammate kills the grass, whereas 2,4-D does little or no permanent damage to grass if applied according to directions on the box. One poison-ivy-susceptible inquirer had the problem of how to get the ivy off his house after it had been killed. We suggested that a resistant, but non-reluctant, friend might perform the task and then, to prevent contaminating anyone else, remove the poisonous substance, which is of an oily nature, by washing with a strong yellow soap and cold water. Several applications of lather are necessary, and the clothing and tools that have come in contact with the poison must also be thoroughly cleansed.

During a damp warm period in summer, the best mushroom season, an eager inquirer may ask, "Can you give me a simple formula for distinguishing between edible and non-

edible mushrooms?" "There is no such formula," I answer. "If you don't know your mushrooms (or fungi), don't eat any that you find growing in the wild. Some persons find it fascinating, though, to learn to recognize, with the aid of one of the many well-illustrated books on the subject, at least a few of our numerous edible mushrooms, and at the same time the ten or so poisonous ones that we have in our region. For a beginning, the puffball, a more or less globular mushroom as its name suggests, is simple and almost foolproof. Almost foolproof, but not quite, for it could conceivably be mistaken for a young, poisonous amanita before the veil has broken between the cap and the cup at the base. When cut in cross-section, however, an amanita exhibits an embryonic cap and stem, whereas the puffball is solid. It is not good however, after it has started to turn brown inside." The enthusiast who has collected some "edible" mushrooms should bring or send them to the herbarium, where Dr. Henry, a fungus expert, will check them for him. Better confirmation than condolences! Two books that we might recommend are *Field Book of Common Mushrooms* by William S. Thomas, a new and revised edition of which was published by G. P. Putnam's Sons in 1951, and *The Mushroom Handbook* by Louis C. C. Krieger, published by the Macmillan Company in 1936. Both books contain numerous colored illustrations in addition to black and white ones.

"What is the foul odor in Schenley Park near the Westinghouse Memorial?" is a question sometimes asked in the fall when the ginkgo fruits are ripe. If the odor is rancid, we suspect this tree of ancient China to be the culprit, for ginkgo fruits are notoriously ill-smelling. Fortunately, most of the ginkgo trees planted in cities are the staminate, or non-fruit-bearing, type that has been propa-

[Turn to page 28]

Miss Long is assistant curator of plants at Carnegie Museum. She attended Juniata College and did her graduate work in botany at the University of Pittsburgh. She also studied one year at the Felix Mahoney School of Fine and Applied Art in Washington, D. C.

NAMES OF OUR STREETS

ROSE DEMOREST

PROBABLY NO ONE knows the first street in Pittsburgh to be given a name. Since people often applied to a street the name they thought best described it, there was in the beginning Water street along the Monongahela River. There also were Ferry and Short streets, both names describing their purpose and length. Soon after, in the concentrated area near the Point, names were given to streets that commemorated early military leaders associated with the place. Such were Marbury, Irwin, Stanwix, Hand, St. Clair, Wayne, and Hay, while beyond town on a high hill the name Grant was given. Much farther out in a wooded area the name of Washington was honored. But many of the names and their historical associations passed from the scene as they were replaced by numbers.

To those who know their city and to the stranger as well, the names of the streets remain an interesting subject. Much history can be learned by studying their origin. There is a good reason for some, while others defy an explanation. There is, for instance, Fancourt street, a very uncommon name anywhere, and no one seems to know how it found a place here. Liberty street, one of the early main thoroughfares, was a popular symbol for what the colonists fought for, and Federal, equally a popular name and a principal street.

As the city grew and increased in area, new streets were built and new names were needed. Due to hills, valleys, cliffs, and bridge approaches, Pittsburgh is noted for its great number of streets and especially for the number of short ones, all requiring names or numbers, names being preferred.

Penn Avenue, the longest thoroughfare in the city, was named for the distinguished

founder of the state. It now begins at Gateway Center and extends to the city limits.

Smithfield Street, one of the busiest centers of traffic in the business area, was named for Devereaux Smith, who lived here at the time of the American Revolution. Duquesne Way is one of the few French names that have survived from the early period of history and was named for a Governor General of Canada. Wood Street was named for the first surveyor of the city, who was here in 1784. A short street with an interesting background is Chancery Lane, extending from Fourth Avenue to Water Street. It was named for the noted English court, as it was frequented by early judges and lawyers when the first Court House was located at Diamond Square. Market is also one of the early named streets which time has not changed. It has always been an interesting and picturesque section and it was an important center as it led to the Court House and Market. It is now a Bohemian-looking street with lots of atmosphere provided by the old buildings and remains of the houses.

Fourth and Fifth avenues have both undergone changes of names, width, and courses. Fourth began as a street of banking and finance and so it has continued. Fifth Avenue, with a variety of stores and amusements and always well lighted, has long been a favorite promenade.

Oliver Avenue was named in 1904, as a storm of protest arose over changing it from Virgin Alley, a former name given during the French occupation. But historical association

Miss Demorest is head of the Pennsylvania Room at Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, which provides information on the history of this section constantly sought by both amateurs and professionals in research.

gave way as a prominent citizen was honored.

There was no lack for sources of names as historic persons were honored as well as noted citizens. Forbes Street was named for General John Forbes, whose last military effort was in winning Pittsburgh, Dinwiddie Street for a governor of Virginia, Jumonville for a French military officer, Halket for an English officer, Braddock for the English General, and Larimer for an American general, all having a part in making history here.

Pioneer business men and other notables are well remembered in the names of Wilkins, Dallas, Denny, Mellon, O'Hara, Darlington, Dithridge, Negley, Craig, Nimick, Magee, Neville, Brunot, Langley, Butler, Bedford, Brashear, and Robinson.

Civil War association is found in the names of Meade, Gettysburg, McPherson, Sherman, Antietam, Richmond, and Atlanta.

It has never been popular to give fantastic or bizarre names to streets here such as are found in London and Paris, but there are some curious and unusual ones. Poet, Radium, Apple, and Halfway are some of the more uncommon ones, while Cliff and Bluff indicate the deep hillsides they occupy.

Allequippa was named for a woman Indian chief, Carson for a sea captain in Philadelphia, Bates for a young man killed in a duel, Semple for an early tavern where George Washington stayed, Bouquet for the noted Swiss military officer, and Bigelow Boulevard honors Edward Bigelow, a former public-works director. Frankstown was named for an early Indian trader, and Shady Avenue is distinguished in the tribute of Hervey Allen's poem, "When Shady Avenue was Shady Lane."

Boulevard of the Allies is a memorial commemorating World War I. The three B's are examples of wide streets with lovely trees, beautiful homes, and the blessing of plenty of fresh air. They are Beacon Street, named by

city ordinance in 1910; Beechwood Boulevard, whose name was changed from William Pitt Boulevard in 1913; and Bennington Avenue, named by a real estate firm in 1915.

There are many other streets and many other names. Some are wide, others narrow and they vary greatly in length, but it is the name, lurking there, which makes it unforgettable and impressive.

MAYFLOWER 1-7300

[Continued from page 26]

gated by grafting or budding rather than by planting the seed. The ginkgo tree is desirable as a street tree because of its upright habit and freedom from insect injury, and it is interesting in that it is the sole remainder of a more numerous tribe in dinosaur days. Ripe ginkgo fruits are yellow, about the size of a marble, and hang like cherries from long stems. The outer pulp acquires the foul odor after falling, while the kernel is edible and highly esteemed for food in China and Japan.

And so the questions go. The Curator answers most of them but if he is in the field and I am foiled, I can almost always find Director Emeritus O. E. Jennings on hand, and he is an expert of the "look, no book" category—one to be envied.

Migratory Words

MEDITERRANEAN MISNOMER

How did a North American native of the sunflower family, grown by the Indians and later cultivated for food in Europe, come to be known as the Jerusalem artichoke?

In Italy it made excellent sense to call the new plant *girasole articiocco*—"artichoke that turns toward the sun." But after a transatlantic voyage the Italian sunflower became a Biblical place name, through the universal human weakness for forcing unfamiliar words into the nearest recognizable pattern.—V. G.

THE JOY OF LEARNING

Through Natural History Specimens

JAMES KOSINSKI

WOULD you like to mount your own "big ones" from a hunting or fishing trip, secure the loan of a mounted specimen for exhibition or instruction purposes, or just see how the specimens are prepared? Then be sure to visit the Division of Education laboratory, a warehouse of loan material and information.

Annually over a thousand school children meet in the laboratory to see how natural-history specimens are prepared for school use. Another thousand or so individuals visit the laboratory to seek information on natural history or special help on a project or hobby. But of prime importance to us are the teachers, club leaders, scout leaders, and so on, who come in to borrow natural-history visual aids.

Study skins, insects, mammals, birds, reptiles and amphibians, models, and commercial cases are prepared in the laboratory. To date we have 430 portable hand cases and 835 study skins available for free loan for the asking. The individual borrower may secure as many specimens as he desires. He must provide the transportation and return the material within two weeks with a report of the number of students using the cases. Thus, for this year we have averaged about thirty loans a month. These cases were used during the year by approximately ninety thousand students.

Also, with the co-operation of The Board of Public Education of Pittsburgh, we have

Mr. Kosinski is supervisor of the loan collection laboratory at the Institute and serves on the State board of taxidermy. He took bachelor's and master's degrees in biology at the University of Pittsburgh.

420 cases containing 4,200 specimens. These are stored at the Osceola School. They are restricted for city-school use. At the beginning of the semester the teacher requests a specific case, and it is delivered on the date requested. Annually over one hundred thousand students use these visual aids. After the school year is over, the cases are brought to the Institute for cleaning, repairing, and fumigating. Then late in August they are returned for the following school year.

Many specimens, dead and alive, are brought to the laboratory for our disposal. Most of these are prepared and put into the loan collection. During the spring and fall, when migration is at its peak, many birds that are killed accidentally by flying against windows and into wires are brought in by school children and teachers. These birds are then mounted for school use. This not only provides us with additional specimens but it also makes the giver feel that he has personally helped to enlarge our collection without destroying life. Just a short time ago a man brought his grandson to the laboratory to view a grouse that he had given us about fifteen years ago.

The majority of the specimens are collected by various Museum staff members in their field work. Preparation involves skinning the specimen, making an artificial body for it in its typical pose, then artificially re-creating its natural habitat and setting the whole in a portable case.

Disinterested persons have become avid bird watchers after a visit to the laboratory. On one occasion a young lady brought in a carton about six feet in cubic space. Upon

opening the carton, we discovered, huddled in one corner, a ruby-throated hummingbird, our smallest bird. Also, in the box were several pounds of corn and bread, enough for all the sparrows in Schenley Park. A little sugar water was fed to the bird, and then it was released. With much embarrassment the lady admitted she knew nothing about birds and their habits. Today she is intensely interested in birds, more or less as a result of her contact with the laboratory and its services.

The Education Laboratory also handles the preparation of exhibits used in the Traveling Museum. This Museum has had broad usage and has been widely acclaimed in the schools of the City of Pittsburgh as a valuable teaching medium. The exhibit materials are prepared on a seasonal basis with emphasis on the animals, plants, rocks, minerals, and

soils found in the Pittsburgh community.

In co-operation with the Traveling Museum a workshop was organized for science teachers from the public schools visited by the trailer, where the teachers were shown how to prepare study skins and mount animals. A great part of the time was spent instructing the teachers how to make small dioramas from materials found around the home or school. In many instances the results obtained from this workshop proved of great value in the schools. A similar workshop was set up for the parochial schools.

These peregrinating visual aids and other services of the laboratory show another way in which Carnegie Institute puts its vast resources at the command of the people of the Pittsburgh area. The welcome mat is out to all regardless of age or profession—come in and visit us in our basement laboratory.

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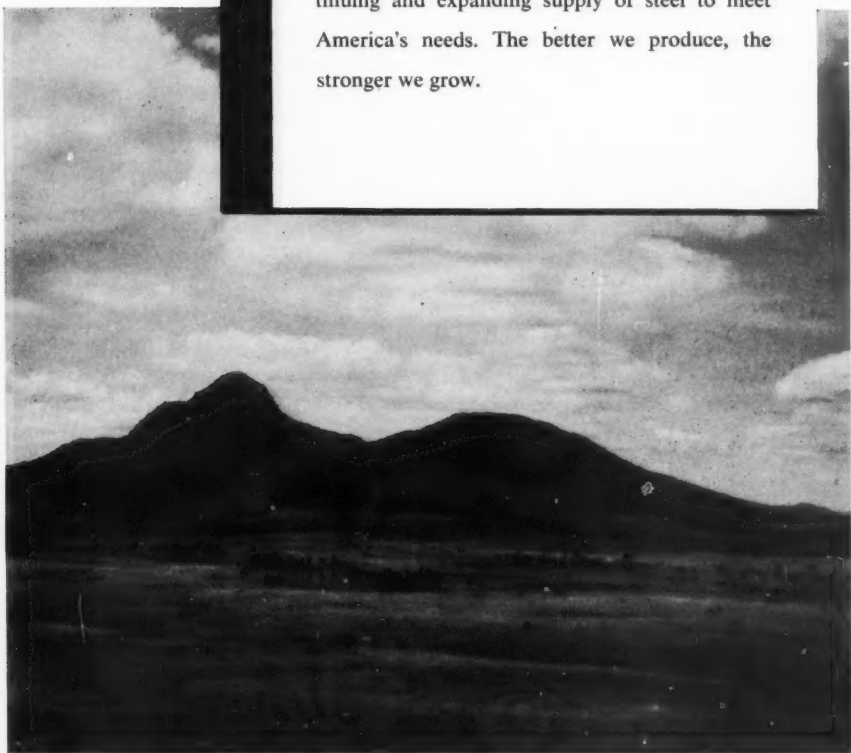
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U N I T E D S T A T E S S T E E L

THE NATURALIST'S BOOKSHELF

M. GRAHAM NETTING

A FIELD GUIDE TO THE MAMMALS. Text and maps by William Henry Burt. Illustrations by Richard Philip Grossenheider. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, 1952. 200 pages, 89 plates (24 in color, 52 of maps). \$3.75.

THERE is a venerable misconception that scientists are a peculiar breed, readily distinguishable from "practical" people. They are not. Some are slender, some are fat; some are plodding, others brilliant; some are introverts, some extroverts. They come from all backgrounds. They exemplify the virtues and the vices that are man's common heritage. They cannot be spotted in football crowd or symphony hall by any criterion. I once inclined to the belief that individuals with keen powers of observation and overweening curiosity gravitated into scientific pursuits. Now I suspect that the same endowment may favor success in many other professions—detective or gossip columnist, for example.

Scientists and other scholars, however, share a humility that comes from frequent acknowledgment of the profound debt they owe to the past. The industrialist may honor the memory of the founder of his company, the salesman may applaud yesterday's advertising campaign, but the scientist picks the brains of centuries to make the discovery of tomorrow. He is apt to deny the validity of Emerson's dictum that the moment has supreme claim. The past is important, the future is the penetrable unknown, the present is only a flitting date in a research continuum from the beginning of mind to the dissolution of man.

What possible connection has this prolixity with mammals? During the months of my dereliction as a reviewer I read a newspaper report of a legislator's sarcastic attack upon a biological study made by a government

scientist. Yet without many such studies *A Field Guide to the Mammals* could not have been written. I could trace its roots back into the rewarding past, but it may suffice to point out that when the American Society of Mammalogists was organized in 1919 many forms of American mammals were unknown, unchristened. Since that date a rapidly growing regiment of workers has pried into mouse nests, banded bats, tallied elk, trapped and spied to accumulate an impressive but far from complete body of knowledge. A mere listing of the publications on mammals since World War I would require a book of this size. If every pleased user of every modern manual were cognizant of the pyramid of labors supporting each such book, contemporary research projects would be fully appreciated and adequately supported.

This *Guide* follows the pattern of previous books in the series, incorporating the now famous technique pioneered by Peterson in his *Field Guide to the Birds*, stressing readily observable field marks. Each of 373 species of native and introduced mammals is treated briefly under two principal subheads, "Recognition" and "Similar Species." Subspecies, which are legion in mammals, have been omitted entirely, thus eliminating the need for a cumbersome appendix. Some indication of the habitat of each species is usually included. Size is given invariably as an integral part of recognition. Plate and map references accompany each description.

Fifty-two plates of distribution maps portray clearly, and as accurately as present knowledge permits, the ranges of most of the species. A most commendable practice is the use of a question mark where even the approximate boundary of the range is unknown.

The text is well organized and the printing is very clear and legible.

Burt and Grossenheider's earlier collaboration resulted in a superb volume on Michigan mammals. The twenty-four color plates and five black and white plates by Grossenheider in this volume add fresh laurels to his fame as a mammal artist. The publisher's claim that this book includes "the largest assembly of paintings of North American mammals yet to appear in any book" is certainly true, but it must be noted that some of the beauty of Grossenheider's portraits has been lost in reproduction. Knowing a little of the vagaries of modern high-speed press work I am always chary of singling out individual plates in one copy for praise or censure. Furthermore, perfection in color reproduction is not attainable except through the use of excessively costly processes. Making due allowance for these factors, however, I must report that in the copy before me several plates are either too pink or unbalanced, and the plate of shrews and moles is both fuzzy and off-color.

Both landlubbers and beachcombers will find useful the application of the Peterson field-mark system to marine mammals, which have always been difficult for the novice to identify. In addition to the oft over-glamorized manatee and the walrus of doleful mien, 12 seals and sea lions, 17 kinds of whales, and 20 species of dolphins and porpoises feed and frolic in North American waters. The 39 excellent black and white drawings on the four plates devoted to marine species will facilitate naming most of the stranded unfortunates that achieve smelly notoriety on our beaches.

For the serious student or interested dentist a brief treatment of the dentition of the land

Dr. Netting is assistant director and curator of herpetiles at Carnegie Museum. Among numerous civic activities he serves as vice-chairman of the Recreation, Conservation and Park Council of the Allegheny Conference on Community Development.

mammals is provided. A four-page tabulation of dental formulas, especially if used in conjunction with the eight plates of skull photographs, will enable the user to "run down" a skull in the hand. The highly successful opossum leads the list with a total of 50 teeth, but numerous genera of rodents flourish with the minimum of 16.

A six-page bibliography, arranged alphabetically by states and provinces, refers the reader to selected publications on the mammals of each area. Since care was exercised to include the most up-to-date authoritative works, a perusal of this listing affords evidence of the crying need for a large number of definitive regional studies. The mammals of many states have never been surveyed comprehensively. For other states the latest report is over thirty years old. Hall's *Mammals of Nevada* (1946) and Burt's *The Mammals of Michigan* (1948) are examples of excellent modern works. Without such basic studies, constantly revised, how can any state hope to formulate sound conservation, game-management or public-health programs?

The volume ends with an adequate index to both technical and common names, but even the end papers are put to good use, decorated with well-labeled drawings of mammal tracks.

Envy is a mental malignancy which I try to abjure, but each time I review one of the Peterson *Field Guides* or some other fine modern manual I have a twinge of regret that equally attractive, soundly informative and totable books were not available in my student days. Then even popular books were large and weighty, two or three color plates in a volume were an exciting novelty and authors were quite cagy about defining ranges except in such safe phrases as "eastern United States." *A Field Guide to the Mammals* is a much-needed and admirably executed addition to a most useful series, a credit to the Peterson system and standards.

Favorite foods

FROM FOREIGN LANDS . . .

IN CHINA they inquire about the cook's health instead of chatting about the weather. For nowhere in the world is the man in the kitchen held in greater esteem. Poetry praises his creations; novels describe them in minutest detail. Soups are named for scholars and sauces for the moon and the stars and the sea.

● The Chinese cook preparing Egg *Fu-yung* or Golden Moons on a Silver Sea (pigeons' eggs in soup) is as great an artist, in the Chinese eye, as the designer of a fragile ceramic or the embroiderer of a delicate silk brocade.

● Polite society, therefore, discusses food as readily as it does the other arts. It is bad manners for one to dip his chopsticks into the many lacquered bowls set before him without some flattering remark about their contents. But how could one reserve comment on the subtle balances of shredded vegetables and slivered meats, the pleasant surprise of lobster seasoned with ginger, or the hidden delicacy of bird's-nest soup with chicken?

● We here at the H. J. Heinz Company agree with the Chinese—that food, good food like the 57 Varieties, is worth talking about and that the men and women who make these foods possible are artists in their own right.

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